

AMERICAN TEAM LEAVES FOR LONDON

Great Demonstration in New York When the Largest and Most Promising Athletic Team Ever Sent Abroad, Departed to Take Part in the Olympic Games.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.] NEW YORK, June 27.—The American team of athletes for the Olympic games at London, which sailed today on the American liner Philadelphia, and the send-off given to the men, culminated in a demonstration heretofore attempted on a team bent on honors abroad. At least two hours before the ship backed out into the stream, the dock was crowded with men and women, friends of the athletes, and around the gangplank it was one mass of flag waving, cheering, shouting, kissing and well-wishing. The throng was so dense that Manager Halpin could not check off his men as they scrambled aboard, but a mental tally told him that they were all there—eighty-four in all, and a healthier or more aggregation of blood never left the shores of America. In fact, the team is by far the largest ever mustered here for foreign athletic purposes.

In 1900, when the Olympic games were held in Paris, something like eighteen athletes went, and the bulk was contributed by the New York A. C. and the University of Pennsylvania. Two years ago the team for Athens numbered thirty-four, and the array today was more than double that. A feature of the team was its cosmopolitan make-up, there being evident the strains of every nationality—black, brown and white. There were English-Americans, German-Americans, French-Americans, Irish-Americans and naturalized Irishmen, as well as colored athletes and the real native article in two full-blooded Indians. In arranging the lot to the different State rooms, Manager Halpin had a hard task, but he did it to the satisfaction of everybody. For no kicks were heard. The men of the different clubs and colleges were berthed with each other as much as possible. The same caution will be observed in the dining saloon to prevent any display of horse-play, so apt to happen. The whole team will be split up, and there will be no large tables like in the 1906 trip.

Club Enthusiasm. In the manifestation of club enthusiasm such representation has never been seen to ships' pier together. Foremost in point of number was the New York A. C., and this was remarked because the winged footmen, as a rule, take things calmly, and do not care whether their men come or go. Prominent among the flag-wavers were Tom Deely, R. C. Kammerer, Rob Stoll, J. N. Breen, H. Rogers, Sam Stewart, Harry S. Lyons, Y. M. Henry, Henry L. Oltman, S. J. Slattery, Dick Sheldon, L. R. Sharp and a host of others. The Irish A. C. were to the fore with bunches of green flags, while a big delegation belonging to the Mercury A. C. of New York were rooting and huzzling for Morrissey, the Marathon man. In the general throng were seen members of the Xavir A. C., Mott Haven A. C., Mohawk A. C., Flatbush A. C., H. C. A. C., Star A. C., Northwestern A. C., Brooklyn A. C., and though some of these were not represented on the team, it did not prevent them from cheering for the boys. A big crowd came over from New York, and they gave the National Turnverein wrestlers some lusty cheering.

The local members of the American Olympic committee, composed of Bartow S. Weeks, George T. Kelly, J. E. Egan, James Wendell, were on hand early to see that everything was right. Weeks inspected every stateroom and made general inquiry if the boys needed any further comforts. Everett C. Brown of Chicago, another member of the committee, was present, and he, with Mrs. Brown, sailed with the team. A. Stagg, of Chicago University, was with the Brown party.

The Giant Rose. The most remarkable man on the dock or ship to-day was Ralph Rose, the Californian shot-putter. Standing six feet five inches, he towered above every body else like a Colossus, and his great wide-brimmed sombrero could be seen, no matter how far he turned. But Rose was dwarfed by the crowd of the boys when he saw Ireland and got yoked a pair of dogs. Then, my boy, you'll see the shot fifty feet sure," and big Ralph laughed and grew puffed up with prospects of the dog skins.

Though the ship did not get her moorings until some minutes after 10 o'clock, members of the team had a seel call to get aboard. One of the team to climb up, bag in hand, was O. D. McCullough. He has a nickname of "Sleepy" Dull, which he did not deny to-day. Another late arrival was Martin Sheridan. "Of course," said a bystander, "Martin had to be a sensation at the last moment he did it. He had a right wait until the gang plank dropped when he could produce a real thrilling jump on deck from the dock."

Two Work Their Way. That the team includes several married men—in McGraw, Flanagan, Shepley, Egan and Hillman—only one woman—Mrs. Hillman—went along with them. The wedding party, which will be their wedding trip, was a few weeks ago. It is understood that his contest in London will be the last of Hillman on the Olympic team.

As the regular team, which had in the saloon, an athlete nomination on the supplemental list also went on the Philadelphia. He is John H. Lige, the amateur wrestler. Orange had the money to defray his expenses, so he is working his way across the water. It is not certain how many can be taken, but it is more than probable that Manager Halpin will do something for the wrestler. The ship touches the other side, for another supplemental nomination was reported to be shipped as a tender on the Minneapolis, of the Atlantic Transport Line, which pulled some time later.

An old-time member of the New York A. C. who sailed on the Philadelphia is C. W. Carter, who was

THE WORLD'S FASTEST SPRINTERS



Remarkable picture. Finish in 100-metre dash, final in Olympic trials. All the men in this picture were picked for the team, which left for London yesterday. Men in order of finish are, left to right—Robertson, New York; Smith, Pennsylvania; second, Whitehead, Pennsylvania; third, Tait, Pennsylvania; fourth, Tait, Pennsylvania; fifth, Tait, Pennsylvania; sixth, Tait, Pennsylvania; seventh, Tait, Pennsylvania; eighth, Tait, Pennsylvania; ninth, Tait, Pennsylvania; tenth, Tait, Pennsylvania.

SYRACUSE WINS PRETTIEST RACE EVER WITNESSED ON HUDSON RIVER

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.] POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 27.—Everything great in the history of boat-racing on the Hudson was swept back to the merely mediocre by the wonderful race of varsity eights this afternoon. The contests in 1901 and 1907 were tremendous until to-day. Now they are merely ordinary. For the good miles of the four this afternoon never a slice of water showed between the first crew and the fifth of the varsity shells. Syracuse was first when they came to the bridge, and Cornell was last; but it was a last that meant nothing but forty feet at the most.

It is at the bridge that the test comes, because the crews that have come that far have still another mile to go, and it takes a wonderful boat to stand the pace that was set for the first three miles of the race to-day and still to be able to answer that call which comes as the boat slides under the shadow of the towering structure. And when that call came this afternoon, there were two that could not answer. Pennsylvania, almost always the pace-maker, and Wisconsin, rowing hard all the way alongside the Quakers, both gave up. They had had enough, and there was nothing they could do. Away from them swept the other three, Syracuse, the leader, by a quarter length over Columbia, and then Cornell, hanging on like grim death and lapping on the Columbia boat. It was a man's race from then on, something that made the people in the observation train and on the shore sit silent with hands tightly clinched and every muscle tense and taut, for fear that a motion or a cry might disrupt that wonderful alignment and kill the chances of the crew they hoped would win. There was no chance to cheer, no wish to do so.

Syracuse Holds Lead. Down from the bridge they swept, every stroke seeming as if it must be the last that any crew of human beings could make. One moment it looked as if Cornell were coming up, another it looked as if Columbia were overtaking Syracuse. But never did Syracuse relax. They held them all off and every stroke they took was

enough to keep their advantage the same. They used to say Jim Ten Eyck, Jr., wasn't but a single skulder; that he could not stroke a sweep crew for four miles and make anything like a showing. But they'll have to take that back now, because he put that Syracuse crew over the line a winner by fifteen feet from Columbia, and Columbia was just about a length the better of the Ithacans, the men that Courtney said would be lucky if they didn't finish last.

Straggling behind the Ithacans, any distance you like were the Quakers, the crew that set most of the pace for the early part, and backed itself to a turn in so doing. Last of all came Wisconsin, which blew up at the bridge, when, in a battle between these two in the river, thirty-four he, collapsed and almost fell out of the boat at the three-mile mark.

Buttle From the Start. It was a race rowed from the start with all the ferocity that trained men can put into their struggles. When the gun flashed the Badgers dashed forward, stroking forty-odd to the minute, and determined at all hazards to lead. The Pennsylvanians fought their way up alongside, and there was so much water between these two in that stage of the race that the others appeared nowhere.

Syracuse, away out in midstream, and getting all the strength of the tide, was the only crew that seemed to be anywhere in it. Columbia was rowing sluggishly, and with Cornell was back, and even before a half mile had been covered these two crews appeared to be almost out of it. They slipped back until open water almost showed, almost, but not quite. It was a foolish race that these two crews rowed. They stayed in their own water, almost on the slack, and fought their heads off for the benefit of the others. All that they were doing, although it didn't appear so then, was to take the pace. Syracuse rowed the best judged race, and so Syracuse won. It was all Jim Ten Eyck, Jr., the credit was all his. They are long-headed and cautious fellows, these Ten Eycks, and they are water men of old time. It is a safe bet that young Jim was a lot cooler as he sat there rowing away than his

father, who was in the coaching launch that ran behind. His was the brain that engineered the race for Syracuse, and his the will power, and his the endurance to stroke a race that went the pace that killed.

All credit to Columbia, too, and some regret that for the second time in as many years, the New Yorkers were forced to take second place in a race that was won by feet and not by lengths, as they used to be when Cornell was king of the river and Courtney was the prophet of rowing. They have been in tight races these last two years, and Columbia has been the factor that has made them such. Their men, too, rowed with judgment and stamina, but they were not quite there. It is hard luck, this coming in second all the time, but to-night they are saying: "Well, if you want to win, you've got to beat Columbia, and you've got to go some to do that."

Cornell a Surprise. As to Cornell, that crew which Courtney said was out of it, they must have surprised the old man. He said it, not once, but several times, with every appearance of sincerity, that he thought they had had no chance to finish well. He did not even go out to see the race to-day. His stick to his boat house at the afternoon, and sent Freddie Colson up the river to follow the boat down over the course in the launch. It is the second time he has done that in fourteen years, and they said the first time that he didn't want to go out to watch his men get a disgraceful licking. There was no disgrace in being beaten the way Cornell was in that varsity race. The Cornell crew was a crew that found itself in a race that was of the best kind, after all.

The other races of the day were triumphs for Cornell. The freshmen won grandly and easily. The Cornell Varsity four was leading by more than two open lengths a quarter of a mile below the bridge, and so three-quarters from home, when exasperated steaming on the part of Kelley, the Cornell boy, ran the boat plumb into a buoy put up this year for the first time to mark the western limit of the course. The bow of the Cornell boat crumpled up, and there the Ithacans, high Peconic, watched the Cornell boat, and the Cornell boys, who were on to struggle for victory that was theirs by every right of superiority before the accident.

Columbia was rowing well when fouled by Pennsylvanians, and so Syracuse came on alone and won.

The Results. Varsity eight-oared shells—Syracuse, 19 minutes 34.5 seconds; Columbia, 19 minutes 35.1 seconds; Cornell, 19 minutes 35.5 seconds; Pennsylvania, 19 minutes 52.3 seconds; Wisconsin, 20 minutes 43.5 seconds.

Freshmen eight-oared shells—Cornell, 9 minutes 29.5 seconds; Syracuse, 9 minutes 43.5 seconds; Columbia, 9 minutes 55.5 seconds; Pennsylvania, 10 minutes 42.5 seconds.

Varsity four-oared shells—Syracuse, 10 minutes 52.5 seconds; Columbia, 10 minutes 52.5 seconds; Pennsylvania, 10 minutes 57.5 seconds (disqualified); Cornell did not finish.

CHURCH HILL S. S. A. L. Yesterday's games in the Church Hill League were close and interesting. The following were the results:

Union Station—Godsey, catcher; H. Kidd, shortstop; Saunders, second base; Kitchin, first base; Kidd, third base; Riddick, right field; Ferguson, center field; Bowers, left field; Bator, pitcher; Leigh, Stret, base.

Spelights, second base; Carleton, first base; McCabe, right field; Griffith, center field; Spelights, left field; Ammons, catcher; Spelights, pitcher; Black, shortstop.

RICHMOND TAKES TWO OUT OF THREE

In a Game That Is Anybody's Until the Last Man Goes Down, the Locals Trim Portsmouth 3 to 2. Cowan Allows No One to Steal Second.

VIRGINIA STATE LEAGUE

Results Yesterday. Richmond, 3; Portsmouth, 2. Norfolk, 2; Roanoke, 0 (first game). Roanoke, 2; Norfolk, 0 (second game). Lynchburg, 6; Danville, 1 (first game). Danville, 3; Lynchburg, 0 (second game).

Standing of the Clubs.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Richmond	21	515	
Danville	23	33	589
Roanoke	27	30	474
Norfolk	26	30	464
Lynchburg	22	31	426
Portsmouth	22	30	423

Games To-Morrow. Richmond at Lynchburg. Portsmouth at Norfolk. Danville at Roanoke.

Perry Lipe's squad took their usual parting shot at the enemy yesterday and defeated the Truckers by a score of 3 to 2. All kinds of excitement was in evidence among the 10,000 spectators for it was a give and take melee, with the high end in doubt until the last ball sped through the pan.

Errors played a conspicuous part in the game, and were responsible for runs on both sides. Vall pitched a score game, and so did Reville, making honors about even. The way the former pulled out of a hole in the sixth round drew hearty applause from the crowd. In this inning four singles and a sacrifice followed in succession, seven Lawmakers going to the bat, yet only one man scored. With the bases full, two men struck out.

Several Good Plays. Several pretty plays added to the game, and Cowan's throwing to second, and his catching of a fly ball, were a decided feature. Vall made a spectacular stop of Slesbie's hot grounder, which looked good for a hit. In the eighth inning Slesbie plugged a high ball to center. Breann ran way back, barely touching the ball, yet only one man scored. With the bases full, two men struck out.

Richmond Scores. In the local half Lipe began for Richmond by plugging the sphere to Parthian shot at the enemy yesterday and defeated the Truckers by a score of 3 to 2. All kinds of excitement was in evidence among the 10,000 spectators for it was a give and take melee, with the high end in doubt until the last ball sped through the pan.

Reville threatened to score in the third, and he was the only one to reach third base until the sixth round, when the run-getting began. Smith, for Portsmouth, went out at first base, but Vall sent a high fly to Heffron, his only chance during the game, which he dropped. Russell singled to right field, advancing Vall a base, but Breann fanned. Then Griffin slashed a beauty just to the right of center for one base, scoring Vall and Russell, and ending a second on the throw in. Gnadinger fanned to the side.

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GET FAST TEAM.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.] WINCHESTER, Va., June 27.—The Winchester baseball team will go to Petersburg, Va., on Wednesday of next week, where it will finish the season. This announcement was made to-day, and it means that after Monday, when a game will be played at Reservoir Park with Hagerstown, Captain Baker's aggregation of ball players will be seen here no more. The team at Reservoir Park will be closed.

Baseball fans here are much depressed, and have been hoping that some way might be devised to keep the team at home.

Petersburg's offer is of such a nature that it could not well be refused. It includes free ground, and a cash bonus of \$2,500 in cash, and in return simply calls for a transfer of the team for the remainder of the season. Only a few players are to be transferred, and the status of the college players now with the locals will in no wise be affected.

GRAYS TAKE FAST GAME

In a fast and exciting pitcher's battle, the West End Grays defeated the Roseknock brewery nine by the score of 2 to 1. The game was played at the Roseknock grounds, and the Grays, who were the home team, pitched a good game, allowing two hits and striking out thirteen. Goldback, for the Grays, also pitched well, allowing three hits and striking out seven. Line-up: West End Grays—Cheatham, catcher; Engleking, shortstop; Adams, first base; Pfaff, third base; Tyner, left field; Brown, second base; R. H. E. W. E. Grays—.00010100—2 2 4. Roseknocks—.000000100—1 3 4.

Summary: Sacrifices—Hite, Meyer, Nichols, Engleking, Brown. Struck out—By Goldback, 7; by Deasy, 15. Bases on balls—off Goldback, 2; off Deasy, 2. Hit by pitcher—Harris. Umpire—Cuddy.

CHESTNUTS WIN

The Fulton Brownies met defeat for the first time this season at the hands of the Chestnuts by the score of 12 to 3. The features of the game were the pitching of Knox, the base running of Anderson and the home run of Bailey for the Chestnuts, and the playing of Redford in left field for the Brownies. The line-up: Chestnuts—Quarles, second base; Anderson, third base; Gresham, catcher; Bailey, right field; Wingfield, first base; Bryant, shortstop; Wright, center field; Knox, pitcher; Gresham, left field.

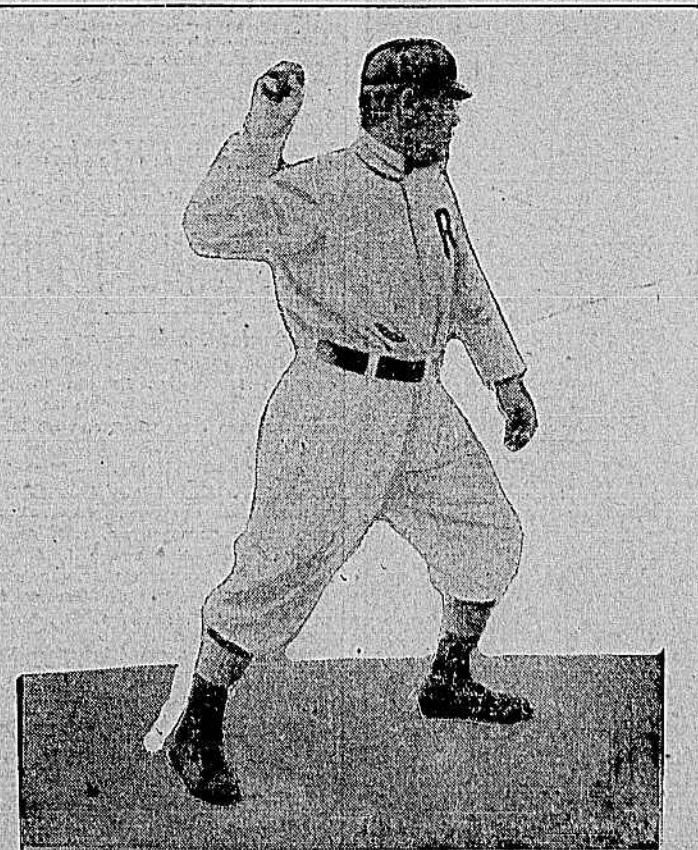
Brownies—J. West, catcher; Hardcastle, third base; R. Rigbee, right field; P. Austin, pitcher; D. Rigbee, first base; T. Curtis, shortstop; J. Dowd, center field; Redford, left field; Bradford, second base.

Summary: Sacrifices—Hite, Meyer, Nichols, Engleking, Brown. Struck out—By Goldback, 7; by Deasy, 15. Bases on balls—off Goldback, 2; off Deasy, 2. Hit by pitcher—Harris. Umpire—Cuddy.

WISARDS TAKE CLOSE GAME.

The Wisards defeated the Manchester Stars by the score of 4 to 3 on the former's diamond yesterday. The score by innings: R. H. E. Wisards—.000000103—4 7 3. Stars—.002000001—3 5 2. The Wisards would like games with the Stars ranging from 14 to 17 years. Phone 2113. They prefer games with Pontiac and Little Nationals. Wisards have won fourteen and lost two games this season.

THROWING TO FIRST



MANAGER PERRY LIPPE who has the most deadly wind to the initial bang of any third baseman in the league. Lipe has been with two pennant winning teams during the last three seasons, and it looks like he will put another feather in his cap this year.